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MAY 3 1910



"What fools these mortals be!"

# SUCK

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"FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!"



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PUCK  
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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### Mark Twain.

"So long, old man!" It's hard to see you go,  
Dear gray old comrade with the boyish  
heart,  
The smile of summer and the hair of snow,  
The magic tongue that made the laughter start;  
"So long!" You would not have us say  
"Farewell"  
As smilingly you cross the Great Divide,  
And we, despite the tolling of the bell,  
Smile back at you—and brush a tear aside.

"So long, old man!"—a quaint, familiar  
phrase,  
But somehow fitting to a friend like you  
Who cast enchantment o'er our childhood  
days,—  
A magic growing stronger as we grew;  
Who gave us Tom and Huckleberry Finn  
As boon companions of the pleasant years,  
And told us tales of many sorts to win  
The tribute of our laughter and our tears.

"So long, old man!" You've vanished from our  
sight,  
And we shall miss that drawl, that lazy smile,  
And we shall miss the eyes so full of light,—  
Yet you will be here with us all the while,  
For Huck and Tom and Jim will still remain,  
And Colonel Sellers with his golden schemes,—  
With them we shall not talk of you in vain,—  
"So long, old man!"—sweet rest and pleasant  
dreams!

Berton Braley.

**I**F THE gentlemen who comprise the Beef Trust will take it in good part, we would be pleased to offer them a suggestion. It is a simple one, easily stated. We suggest to these gentlemen that they reduce materially the price of meat, the price of every grade of meat which they handle, and at every one of their many distributing points. We suggest that they do this discreetly and gradually, assigning as a cause for the drop in prices any combination of legitimate reasons that their knowledge of the business can devise. Let the ultimate reduction be so marked that the ultimate consumer and all his many relations will realize that it is indeed a fact, and not a demonstration on paper. Even if it means a loss, a real money loss, let the low-price level prevail. For all this time, gentlemen of the Beef Trust, will you not be able to say to the country at large, feigning bland triumph in your tones: "Look, O American people, at the descending price of meat, and never heed again the demagogue's cry that High Protection for *us* means high cost to *you*?" Just at present, gentlemen, the number of persons who believe otherwise is large. Some of them are overturning Republican majorities in order to express their opinion unmistakably. Next

Fall a whole lot of them may elect a Democratic Congress. In the meantime, gentlemen, anything you can do to dispel this impression from the public mind, even if it cost you a temporary loss, will be well worth while. It will help you if you can get a lot of good people to say: "Oh, I guess the tariff has n't anything to do with the price of meat." It will help you much. Get people in that frame of mind now by a temporary sacrifice and they will more than likely renew your right to soak them in November. Sacrifice the pawn of present profit to keep the king of Privilege and Monopoly.

THE oath that a President does not take: I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the Republican (or Democratic) Organization, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Solidarity of my Party.

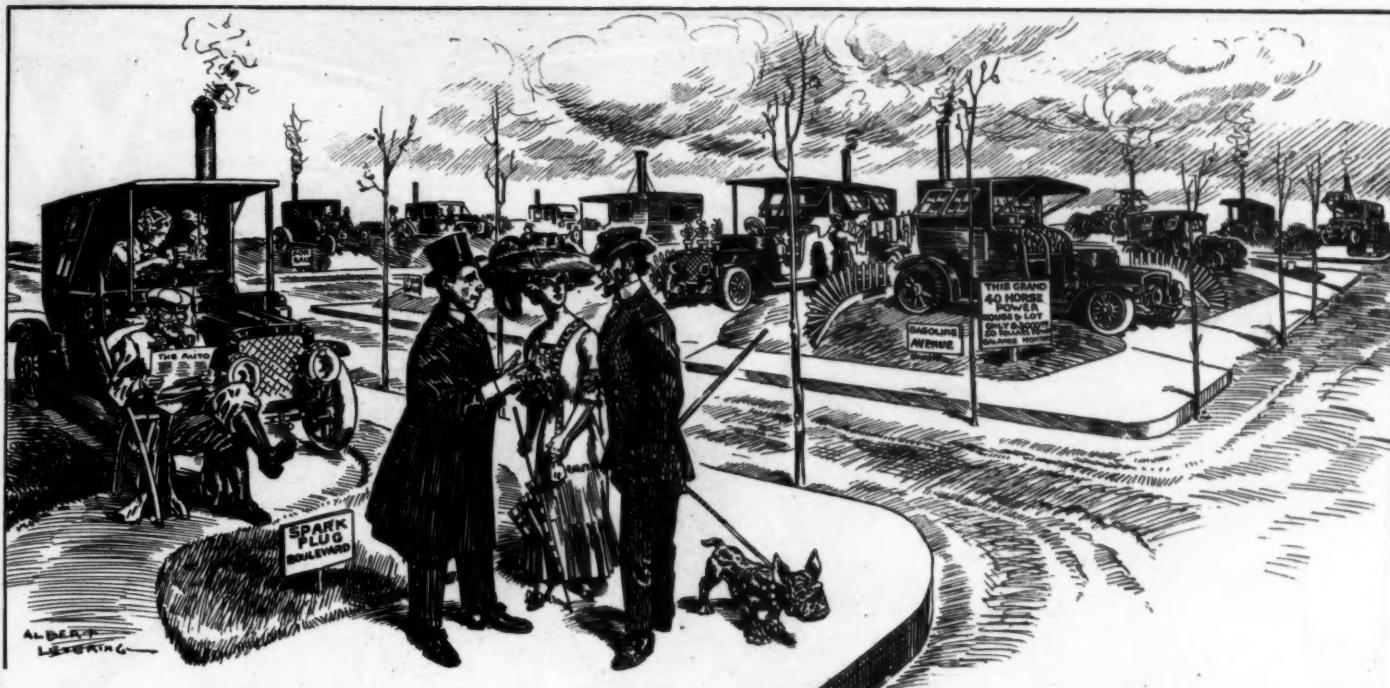
POSSIBLY it is HALLEY'S comet which has pulled the Republican Party out of its orbit.

IT IS a relief to learn that President TAFT has WILLIAM R. HEARST's approval. Disapproving, HEARST might speak of TAFT the way he did of MCKINLEY.



HOOLIGAN TO THE RESCUE!

# PUCK



## WHY NOT DISPENSE WITH HOUSES?

**REAL-ESTATE AGENT** (*representing beautiful Honkhurst*).—You pay \$500 down and the rest the same as rent. Each machine is fitted with a kitchenette, and the gasoline mains will positively be laid through this street in the Fall.

### MAUD MULLER.



THE Judge was out in his new machine,  
A nifty, imported limousine.  
  
He honked his honker in the shade  
Of the apple-tree, to call the maid,  
And asked for water from the spring  
To cool his motor sputtering.  
  
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled, twelve times, a big tin cup,  
And blushed, as she gave it, looking down  
At her shoes, all mud, and her spattered gown.  
  
"Bliged!" said the Judge, "and all that rot.  
Jove! but the beastly thing was hot."  
  
He spoke of the clutch and power and gear,  
Of motor and shaft, while Maud gave ear;  
  
Then he talked of tires, and wondered whether  
That patched hind-tube would hold together.  
  
And Maud forgot her spattered gown  
And spring-drenched ankles, muddy brown,  
And listened, while a dazed surprise  
Looked from her—don't know color—eyes.  
  
At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks vain excuse, he chugged away.  
  
Maud Muller dodged and sighed: "O Gee!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!"

PUCK'S Patent Whittier.

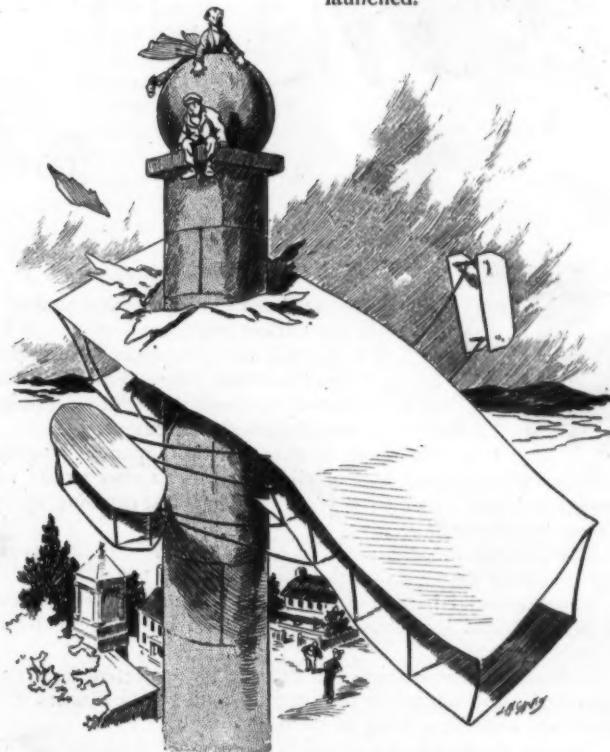
### CUT OFF IN INFANCY.

MRS. JONES had been reading of germ-laden banknotes.  
"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed. "George, do you  
know how deadly dangerous money really is?"  
"I should say I do," replied her husband. "Look at the num-  
ber of bills it has killed at Albany alone!"

**N**o man may be divested of all his friends. The very fact that a man is reputed to "have no friends" makes some friends for him.

### HOW IT BEGAN.

NATURALLY the hand that rocked the cradle, being gifted with mind, got to wondering, at length, if the world was n't to be ruled in some manner more intellectual, spirited, and brilliant. "At all events, there's more than one way to skin a cat!" it reflected. And reasoning by such bold analogies it went forward from one position to another until, in the course of time, the most striking movement of the age was launched.



THE HELP-WANTED COLUMN.



DEEP-SEA FISHING.

## SCIENCE BRIEFS.

**E**ARLY all the great American inventions should be credited to the Barlow knife.

It is figured that tenderloin steak will be extinct in less than three years. Strict laws must also be enacted to protect the rapidly decreasing herds of lamb chops and veal cutlets.

It is impossible to swear in the Japanese language.

Two thousand tons of choice American cuss words were imported into that country last year. Japan is fast catching up with her Eastern neighbors.

The greatest modern piece of fiction embraces the tracts now being circulated showing that the South is totally dry.

Four thousand barrels of whisky were manufactured last year. One hundred and six thousand barrels were sold over the bars in this country.

Unless the Guinea-hen industry can be protected from dark-complexioned night marauders the partridge and grouse dinners in this country will soon be a thing of the past.

Despite the fact that a sucker is skinned every minute, and that thousands of young hides are tanned in this country every week, it is impossible to buy a square foot of human leather at a reasonable rate.

It takes six thousand horse-power of energy to draw a modern freight train a mile. It takes twice this amount to draw a decent salary for a minute.

Scientists predict that a severe frost will kill the peach crop again this Spring as usual.

The blooded race-horse is the fastest animal on foot. Some race-horses are faster than others.

A ton of coal contains three horse-power of energy, one hundred and six scuttles of carbon, six tons of ashes, twelve backaches, and six sprained muscles, to say nothing of \$7.25 in real money and no credit.

A silent steampipe and radiator have been invented for use in hotels and apartment houses.

The dwarfs of Africa measure only four feet high. The smallest race of men in America consists of those who borrow money and forget to pay.

A phenomenal migration of game birds is recorded whereby six hundred Southern quail were found in a New York restaurant during the closed season.

It is demanded by the Government that the English sparrow be destroyed. The price of plover and railbirds has already dropped in the best eating-houses.

The codfish ball is one of the most remunerative by-products of the codfish.

Don. Cameron Shaefer.

**I**f you show that you are always willing to keep your nose to the grindstone  
the other fellow will soon be wanting you to turn the wheel as well.

# PUCK



## THE SEEKER

A prominent novelist, recently divorced, explained some of his wife's allegations by saying that he had to descend to the depths of society to get material.—*News Item.*

BEN Riter came home at a quarter to four  
In a state of extreme inebriety,  
He said to his wife, who was there  
at the door:

"I've been out in the dep'sh of society.  
I wanted to get 'local color,' m' dear,  
Some lively shor' story material."  
"I see," she replied, "and it's patently clear  
That you've gathered enough for a serial."

When Riter decided to publish a book  
With a hero of nature burglarious,  
He got him a mask and a jimmy and took  
To nightly excursions nefarious.  
The officers nabbed him and put him in jail,  
He laughed with a cheerful vivacity,  
"For truly," he said, "this will give to the tale  
An impress of perfect veracity!"

To write his great novel of "passion and pain,"  
And get the right atmosphere in it, he  
Deserted his wife who was faithful—but plain—  
And eloped with a pretty "affinity."  
Then he took to the absinthe and then to the dope  
And forged a few checks on the quiet; he  
Maintained he was forced by his talent to grope  
In the dark and the "depths of society."

He plunged into vice with particular vim,  
He sought for it where it was seekable;  
He robbed and he swindled, and folks said of him:  
"His morals are simply unspeakable."  
But still he asserted, before he could write  
Of vice or of crime, he must try it; he  
Must judge of a dog by the depth of its bite,  
Of the world—by the "depths of society."

At last this poor author—(he seems to me still—  
A poor and much-to-be-pitied one)—  
In order to write of a murder with skill  
Went out in the night and committed one.  
They caught him and hanged him—as justly they ought—  
For a deed of such fearful impiety,  
And his spirit is getting the "color" he sought  
In the "nethermost depths of society."

Berton Braley.



ROLLING COUNTRY.

TEACHER OF BUG SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—Now, children, we will follow the right branch of that corduroy road, and so on over the hill, till we come to the picnic grounds.



THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE.

## THAT BLESSED REALM.

"My idea of heaven," said the maiden, "is a ballroom floor about the size of the Atlantic Ocean with fourteen Davidgraham-phillips heroes begging for dances."

"My idea of heaven," said the youth, "is a stack of blank checks a foot high signed by Dad and good at the National City Bank."

"My idea of heaven," said the politician, "is \$100,000,000 worth of appropriations in a city devoid of newspapers and magazines."

"My idea of heaven," said the tramp, "is a hundred thousand miles of handouts and haystacks."

"My idea of heaven," said the conservative business man, "is a prosperous country which will not for an instant tolerate senseless clamor against the vested interests to which an all-wise Providence has entrusted that country's wealth."

"My idea of heaven," said the lover, "is a pair of soft, warm lips against mine."

"My idea of heaven," said the agnostic, "is—But there ain't no sich thing!"

"My idea of heaven," said the devil, "is hell."

C. P. Russell.

## GLANCES.

HE would have been glad to exchange glances with her.

But a fair exchange were no robbery.

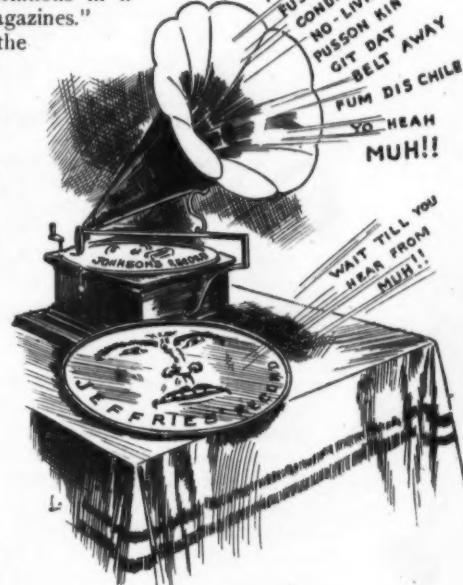
And she chose rather to steal a glance when she thought he was n't looking.

"Oh, woman, woman!" he murmured, but dared not reprove her openly.

## POWER OF SUGGESTION.

ANGRY MAN (at the telephone).—You go hang yourself, Smithers! (After a pause) Do you hear me?

CENTRAL.—Your party hung up!



## SENSATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

The Winner Talking Machine Co. has closed arrangements with Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries whereby their great battle will be fought out on the Winner. Both contestants have agreed to shut their mouths to all press-agents and interviewers, and transfer their field of conflict to the Winner laboratory, thus giving the public a chance to judge of the merits of the two incomparable pugilists by hearing their own wonderful voices.

# PUCK



## THE BEES AND THE HORNETS.

**(W)**ONCE upon a time a swarm of busy Bees made and stored a large quantity of honey in order to provide for their wants during the long winter. But it so happened one day, when the Bees were not watching, a swarm of Hornets came along, preëmpted the honey, and claimed it as their own by right of discovery.

Then ensued a great dispute lasting for a long time. Lawyers were called in, and the more they talked the more confused grew the issue, until even some of the Bees thought that the Hornets had the best claim to the honey.

At length they decided to leave the question to the Wasp as judge. The Wasp stayed awake as well as he could and listened while the contesting parties presented their respective arguments.

When they had finished, the Wasp said he would take the question under advisement and render his decision as soon as compatible with a careful examination of the law and the facts.

Several years later the Wasp handed down his decision in favor of the Hornets. He said that it had been an exceptionally difficult case to decide, because common sense seemed to favor the Bees. On the other hand, he declared, everything else, such as the Constitution, the statutes, and the welfare of business, was

on the side of the Hornets. He explained that, while the Bees may once have had rights, they had slept on them so long that they had them no longer. Furthermore, inasmuch as the Hornets had been in possession of the honey for so long, a period of time amply covered by the Statute of Limitations, the honey must be viewed, not in the light of stolen goods, but rather as unearned increment, to deprive them of the veriest title of which, even for purposes of taxation, would be nothing less than confiscation, a process which is especially abhorrent to people who have things to which they are not entitled.

The Hornets were so pleased with this decision that, a year or two later, they had Wasp appointed Chief-Judge of the Supreme Court. *Ellis O. Jones.*

## COURTESY.

I DEEMED it of good augury that the man to whom I presented the bill was courtesy itself.

"Surely," quoth I, "you will not let me go away under the impression that courtesy does n't pay?"

He started, as though such general aspects of the business had not much engaged his attention.

WE'RE riding in Spring's auto now,  
Through mud and mire,  
And each of us appears to have  
An extra tire.



THE CARPENTER'S IDEA OF ONE.

**R**eputation is what enables you to get along in this world when you have n't any character.



## THE SEVEN AGES OF BASEBALL.

ALL the world's a ball field;  
And all the men upon it merely players:  
They have their innings and their goings-out;  
And one man in his time makes many plays,  
At bat and on the diamond. At first the Kidlet,  
Bifling the ball about the vacant lots.  
And then the "semi-pro" with fierce ambition  
Some day to be as great as Honus Wagner  
And draw big coin. And then the Minor—  
The Minor Leaguer—soon by scout discovered,  
Bought, and given a try-out. Then the Major—  
The Major Leaguer—idol of the bleachers,  
Quick on bases, snappy and sure in fielding,  
Seeking the slugger's reputation  
E'en against Three-Fingered Brown. Then—pouf!—  
benchwarming!

His leg goes bad, his arm or eye or something.  
He bats 'em out before the game, and coaches,  
In sweater clad, at first or third. The papers  
All fear he "can't come back." The sixth age  
shifts

To Minor Leagues again, and there he is.  
He says he's just as good as e'er he was,  
But even here too fast 's the company  
For his bad leg or arm; his manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble,  
blames

It on the umpire. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is Bush League hopelessness and sure  
oblivion,

Sans speed, sans arm, sans eye, sans everything!



A. H. F.



## WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

LET US BE THANKFUL THEY ARE WEARING CHICKENS.

## LIKELY ENOUGH.

**W**HILE a well-dressed feller—stranger in the village—was crankin' up his automobile out here yesterday," said the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, "the machine got started up somehow and he was knocked down and run over and jammed into the mud and dragged a ways, and so on.

He scrambled up, gave a yell, and set out after the machine, which was n't goin' so awful fast. Before he overtook it he stepped on a round stone, which threw him, head, neck, and heels, into the mud again; but he got up, yellin' louder than ever, and finally managed to ketch the machine and climbed in and stopped it.

"Lester Fagg happened to be right there with a pick-ax on his shoulder, and the feller jumped out, grabbed the pick-ax, and sailed in on the machine, and picked and tore it 'most all to pieces. Then he threw down the pick and put off on foot down the road, a-stompin' so heavy that the mud flew as high as his head every time he jumped.

"I asked Lester who he s'posed the feller was, and he said he guessed he must be one o' them Idle Rich that we read so much about in the papers nowadays."

## THE POSTAL SAVINGS-BANK.

**T**HE opponents of the postal savings-bank have now narrowed their objections down to two chief lines of argument:

First, on account of the low interest rate which the bank would be compelled to pay, people would not have sufficient inducement to save; and second, on account of the great security offered people would be induced to save too much, and thus hurt business. The inference is unavoidable.

This of course puts us into an inextricable hole. There is no way out, for if we raised the rate of interest people would save too much and thus hurt business, except for the coincident fact that higher interest rates would make the bank less secure, and people would not save enough, much to their moral and economic undoing.

And so we may have to put up with things as they are, not because they are all right, but because the objections to them, if any exist, have not been reduced to such cold logic.

**T**HREE is a quality of possible revenge in having stuck like a porous-plaster to an unworthy friend. It hurts him all right when you do pull away finally.

## PUCK



DRILLING THE CHORUS LADIES.

STAGE-DIRECTOR.—Now then, Miss O'Hare, more volume! Open your mouth wide and throw yourself right into it!

### WORLD WITHOUT END.

WORLD without end! What a funny thing!  
Hear that cussed canary sing!  
Would you love to listen—year on year—  
To that wearisome treble strong and clear;  
Or to hear the cats through the infinite nights—  
Infinite serenades,—infinite fights?  
Limitless fields, and limitless flowers,  
Infinite bores, and infinite hours.  
That's how it would be. Think it over, my friend,  
*Would n't* it weary us,—world without end?

World without end! Huh-uh! Not for me!  
I'd much rather play table-stakes, you see.  
I want to know that a comet *may* come,  
Or the earth get a pain in its tummy-tum-tum  
And boost us all to the heavenly blue.  
I like some novelty. Say! Don't you?  
Continuous vaudeville may be all very well,  
But for me the night—and a breathing spell;  
For when we're blasé and heart-weary, my friend,  
Things are n't attractive—world without end.

*W. Edson Smith*

### BIG JOB.

CITIZEN.—Yes, the city is going to spend three millions in improving our parks.  
STRANGER.—Indeed? What is the scheme?  
CITIZEN.—We are going to remodel them to look like the souvenir postals of them.

THE practical politician who in a cruder stage of his art kissed the babies and showered the women with inane compliments, now preserves more of his self-respect, while achieving substantially equal results, by telling the fat men they are getting thin and the lean men they are getting stout.



AN OLD-TIME TOBACCO JAR.

**When marriage is a failure you can't settle your wife's alimony at ten cents on the dollar.**



The clamor and hurry of people who scurry  
On myriad missions of good or of ill,  
The deep diapason of traffic that plays on  
The streets of a city which never is still,—  
These sounds cannot swing me from labors  
that bring me  
The fat little envelope Saturday noon;  
And yet I start humming when gaily it  
strumming  
The loud street piano that jangles a tune.

Let those who will do so applaud at Caruso,  
Go wild over Hofmann and others of note,  
But me for the straying pianoman's playing  
That steals to my ear on the breezes afloat,  
With sad tunes and bad tunes and mad tunes  
and glad tunes,  
With popular ditties that often repeat,  
And I, with my pencil or some such utensil,  
Keep tapping my desk to the tune in the  
street.

My figures grow hazy, I gaze with a lazy  
And indolent languor at nothing at all,  
In happy enslavement while up from the  
pavement  
The magical melodies summon and call.  
They build me a vision of meadows Elysian,  
Of brooklets that babble and breezes that croon,  
And, wistful and tender, young Spring in her  
splendor  
Comes dancing to me on the wings of a tune!

Bertie Braley.

### The Street Piano.

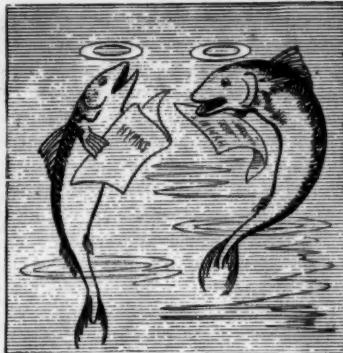
SOME ILLUSTRATED EXPLETIVES.



FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!



JERUSALEM CRICKETS!



HOLY MACKEREL!



FOR THE LAND'S SAKE!

SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW PROFESSORSHIPS.

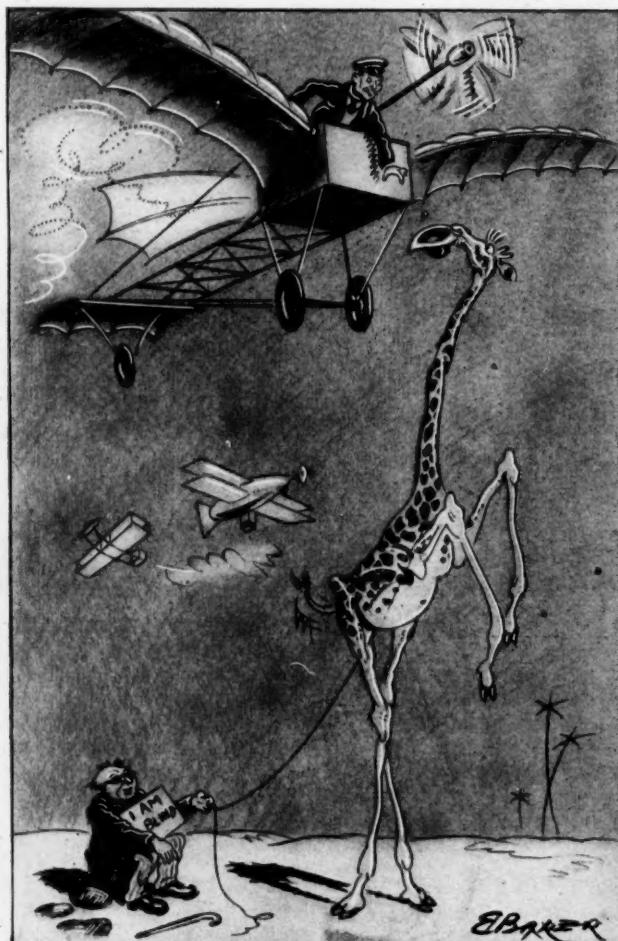


**CHAIR OF APPLIED YELLING:** To furnish instruction to the picked youth of our country in the theory and practice of "Rooting," with especial reference to the College Yell and other higher forms of Cacodemonics.

**A CHAIR OF BLUFFOLOGY:** To develop the scientific principles of the Costly and Sensational, but Perfectly Harmless, Investigation of Public Abuses, involving an exhaustive (of the public plunks) inquiry into the domestic habits of the Octopus, the Tiger, and the Elephant. A course in Aerated Elocution and Oratory could be made an adjunct to this (easy) chair.

**A CHAIR OF HONEST GRAFT:** To encourage our young men to study practical politics and to teach them conservative methods in the handling of corruption funds and the surest way of keeping out of jail.

**A CHAIR OF FISTICS:** To treat in an historical way the educational value of Slugging (leading to a degree in the "University of



"PLEASE HELP THE BLIND."

PROBABLE SUCCESSOR OF THE FAITHFUL DOG.

**B**y the time you have acquired wisdom everybody looks upon you as  
an old fool.

Hard Knocks") with practical applications to the gridiron and the ringside. The courses should be open to co-ed. Suffragettes. The proper incumbent of this chair would be a retired ex-pounder of the Higher Fisticuffs.

**A CHAIR OF TOMMYROTICS:** To promote the microscopic study of the "cultures" of certain kinds of "higher" Literary Criticism (in the most advanced stage).

C. W. Lucas.

ALMS.

**A**s URGENT a problem as any that confronts practical philanthropy at present is that of correcting the crude conditions by reason of which the accumulation of wealth is capable of doing more mischief than the disbursement thereof can be made to undo. The impossibility of cutting any sort of an eleemosynary swath with less than a hundred millions is to be conceded, and it is a grave thing when the getting together of so large a sum is attended with more oppression than can be afoined for by any known method of distributing it in alms. To expect that a way out of the difficulty will eventually be found is to build upon a faith amply justified, but for the time being such a way eludes us, to the embarrassment, not to say chagrin, of benefactors who sincerely wish the proletariat to be left with no misgivings as to what is being handed them when they ask for bread.



THE RETREAT FROM LEXINGTON.

"And the Farmers gave them ball for ball  
From behind each fence and barnyard wall."  
—Paul Revere's Ride.

MEMORANDA.

**PROFESSOR.**—It was by the inscription on this colossal obelisk that we succeeded in positively identifying the mummy of Rameses the First.

**UNCLE HENRY.**—I suppose all that Chinese rigmarole on there was his memoranda of the size of his socks, his watch number, whom to notify in case of death, and such truck?

CURVES.

**SCHOOL TRUSTEE.**—Remember, children, Michelangelo often worked for months on a single curve.

**WILLIE.**—Whatchergivinus? Never heard of the bush-leaguer!

#### MORE HASTE.

**T**ICK-ER-TICK TICK-TICK, tick-er-tick  
tick-tick,  
Goes the wee little nickel clock,  
But it never gains a moment on  
The big one's slow Tick — Tock.

#### THE WAY IT GOES.

ONCE upon a time there was a Foolish Man who owned a Goose that laid a Golden Egg. While this was not by any means an Every-day Event, it occurred with sufficient Frequency to have enabled the Man, had he been so minded, to support the Wife of his Youth and their several Children in Comfort from the sale of the Auriferous Goose-fruit. But he speedily acquired a low, febrile Yearning to have his rare and peculiar Nature understood by One whose Heart throbbed in harmonious Unison with his own.

But, as one Affinity is more expensive than several Wives and many Children, he was soon impelled to slay the Goose in the Hope of getting more Gold at one time than the regular output. Thereby, at one fell Stroke, he lost Goose, Chorus Girl, and all.

Moral: From this we should Learn that when the Affinity comes in at the Door, Horse-Sense jumps out of the Window; and also that a Goose and his Gold are soon parted.

Tom P. Morgan.



#### THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"True, I bay the moon upon occasion —"

The dog was speaking in his own defense.

"—but I don't make myself additionally unpopular by hounding people to buy tickets to hear me."

#### EDUCATION.

THE HOST.—What piece will you have, Miss Tootsie?

MISS TOOTSIE.—Please carve me the left square tangent east to seventy-six segment above the loin diagonal to fat parallel to — Oh, I beg pardon; I learned the cuts in cooking-school.



#### SPRING SCOUTING.

No, THIS IS NOT A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE. THIS IS MERELY A CITY MAN  
"LOOKING UP" SUMMER BOARDING PLACES.

#### TACT.

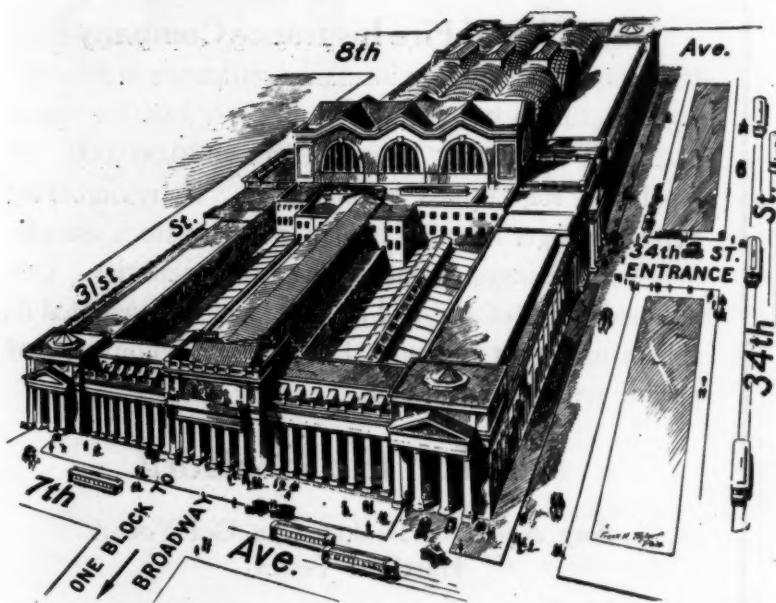
CONSCIENCE makes cowards of us all, and Tact is the by-product. Tact takes much trouble, but always that it may save more.

Though the truth is mighty and will prevail, Tact's blocking and interference often serve to postpone the touchdown considerably.

Tact is the guardian appointed by civilization to watch over honesty and keep it from making a mess of affairs.

# PENNSYLVANIA STATION

## IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK'S SOCIAL AND BUSINESS ACTIVITIES



The Pennsylvania Station in New York City fronts directly on Seventh Avenue, Thirty-first Street, Thirty-third Street, Eighth Avenue opposite the new United States Post Office, and on Thirty-fourth Street by special plaza. It has entrances and exits on all four fronts. The main entrance is at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-second Street, which leads directly to Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Madison Avenue, Park Avenue, and Lexington Avenue. This entrance is **one block from Broadway, two blocks from Fifth Avenue**, and by way of Thirty-third Street **one block from the busiest spot in the city's centre**.

Within a radius of a mile are located the majority of New York's big hotels, clubs, restaurants, places of amusement, and most of the big retail stores. The Seventh Avenue surface cars and the Eighth Avenue surface cars pass the doors of the Station, the Thirty-fourth Street surface cars (crosstown) pass the Thirty-fourth Street entrance, and a station of the Sixth Avenue Elevated is a short block from the Main Entrance. All sections of the city are within easy reach by regular lines of travel.

Through trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad will arrive at and depart from the Pennsylvania Station on time-tables which are now being arranged, to take effect on a date which will be announced in due course.

Travel to the "downtown" section of the city will also be provided for by trains from the transfer station at Harrison, near Newark, by way of the Hudson & Manhattan tubes from Jersey City to the Hudson Terminal at Cortlandt and Church Streets, which is the heart of the financial district as well as of the section where all the big industrial and manufacturing corporations have their business offices. The ferries between Jersey City and Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets will be continued in operation.

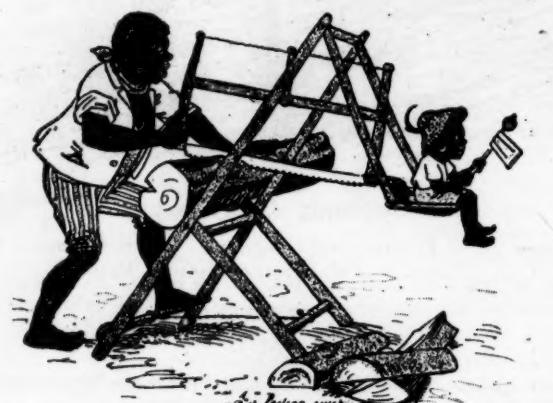
The location of the station appeals directly to the hotel guest, the shopper, the amusement seeker, the business man, the professional man, and every class of travelers to and from New York over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

FOR MORE THAN

# 300 YEARS

The Carthusian Monks have Made  
Liqueur Pères Chartreux  
—GREEN AND YELLOW—  
The World's Most Famous  
CORDIAL.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,  
Bäjter & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.



THE INGENIOUS AFRICAN.  
SAW-HORSE AND ROCKING-HORSE IN ONE.—*Lustige Woche.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

**GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE**

HALF THE COST OF IMPORTED

Of the six American Champagnes exhibited, GREAT WESTERN was the Only One Awarded the Gold Medal at Paris Exposition, 1900.

Your Grocer or Dealer can Supply You Sold Everywhere

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.  
Rhine, N. Y.

Oldest and Largest Champagne House in America

"IGNORANCE of the law," said the judge, "is no excuse for crime."

"May I inquire of your Honor," asked the prosecuting attorney, "whether your Honor's remark is directed at the defendant or his counsel?"—*Record-Herald.*

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish  
**Bar Keeper's Friend**  
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. No 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 25 cent stamp for sample to George W. Hoffmann, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

For Toilet, Bath and Shampoo  
Use the single soap that does double duty—the soap which cleans and disinfects at the same time.

**LIFEBUDDY**  
Soap is the health soap of the hands. It prevents the roughening of the cuticle and keeps women's hands soft and smooth for handling embroidery silks, etc.

5¢ AT YOUR GROCERS  
FEVER BROS. CO.  
Cambridge, Mass.

#### HOUSE-PARTY TIME.

"Do you believe in Fate?" he asked, as he snuggled closer.  
"Well," answered the girl, "I believe that what's going to happen will happen."—*Cornell Widow.*

Nor only was there a decrease in the amount of cotton that was ginned last year, but it is believed that there was a considerable lessening in the number of rickeys ginned during the same period.—*Indianapolis News*

"AM I really and truly your first and only love?" queried the dear girl.  
"No," answered the truthful drug-clerk, "but you are something just as good."—*Chicago News.*

## Don't Play with Fire

A COMMON caution to children but also good for grown men and women. You **are** playing with fire when you insure your property without carefully selecting the company which promises to protect you against loss. Companies differ just like individuals. Why take chances when, at no extra cost, safety can be had by simply saying to your agent when your insurance expires, "Get me a policy in the **Hartford**."

The **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** is the best known of all the fire insurance companies in America. For a century it has promptly paid every loss, the aggregate now amounting to more than \$130,000,000. Its reputation for fairness is unexcelled. Its resources are never in danger from the hidden rocks of stock speculation, because invested only in the safest securities. One hundred years of life and growth have demonstrated its able management and unshaken stability. You are **not** playing with fire when you

### Ask for the Hartford

Any Agent or Broker Can Get You a Hartford Policy.

STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1910

Capital,	- - -	\$ 2,000,000.00
Liabilities,	- - -	14,321,953.11
Assets,	- - -	23,035,700.61
Surplus for Policy-holders,	8,713,747.50	





HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS  
PAPER WAREHOUSE,  
22, 24 and 26 Bleeker Street.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE : 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

# PARIS GARTERS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

## A Necessity with Knee Drawers

They fit so well you forget they're there. Twenty-Five Cents, Fifty Cents and One Dollar from dealers or sample direct from A. Stein & Co., 505 Center Avenue, Chicago. Be sure the box says "Paris Garters" —no metal can touch you."

NO METAL  
can touch you



### BY THE CARD.

"Will Brother Jones kindly lead?" was asked by the pastor at the beginning of the prayer service.

Waking with a start at the mention of his name the deacon almost broke up the service by replying: "I led last time; it's your turn. What's trumps?" —*Philadelphia Record*.

"How is the water in the bath, Lisette?"

"Cold, my lady. It turned baby fairly blue."

"Then don't put Fido in for an hour or so." —*Pittsburg Post*.

Always  
the Same  
Good Old

# BLATZ

MILWAUKEE

## THE FINEST BEER EVER BREWED

ASK FOR IT AT THE CLUB, CAFE  
OR BUFFET  
INSIST ON "BLATZ"  
CORRESPONDENCE  
INVITED DIRECT



THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

He (beseechingly).—But, Amelia, if you would only once scold! —*Fliegende Blätter*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

### A TAME DEFI.

Legler, the baker, bent over his counter, working away with a pencil and a piece of wrapping-paper, when Mrs. Liscum entered for a loaf of bread.

Noticing on the paper a lot of familiar names, Mrs. Liscum asked:

"What are you figuring there, Mr. Legler?"

"Well, ma'am," says Legler, "I'm just putting down the names of all my friends that I can lick."

"Is Harvey Liscum's name there?" asked Mrs. Liscum.

"Yes," said the baker. "Yes, I got it down."

Mrs. Liscum went home and told Harvey. He hastened to the bakery.

"Legler," he said, "is it true I'm on the list of men you can lick?"

"Yes," said Legler calmly, "I've got you down, Mr. Liscum."

"Why, you little shrimp," roared Liscum, "I could eat you alive!"

"Are you sure you could?" asked the baker.

"You bet I'm sure!" said Liscum, shaking his fist in Legler's face.

"Well then," said the baker sadly, "I guess I'll cross you off the list."

*Chicago Evening Post.*

## Laugh and Grow Fat ! Take PUCK and Laugh !!

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HUNGRY.

## Are You Hungry?

Have you a Craving for  
Good Clean Humor?

THEN SUBSCRIBE FOR

# Puck

The Foremost  
Humorous Weekly of America

## As a Home Paper PUCK will please You

¶ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.

¶ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.

¶ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.

¶ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer doesn't handle PUCK,  
ask him to order it for you.

Tell Your Newsdealer  
**Puck**  
NEXT WEEK.

### PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name.....

Address.....



A Safety-Razor?  
Yes Sir!

A Hoe-Safety?  
No Sir!

Satisfactory?  
Money back  
if you don't  
agree.

A real razor with all  
the advantages of a Safety-  
Guard and Interchangeable Blades.  
It doesn't cut you—nor does it scrape or  
"pull." It shaves with the Correct Diagonal  
Stroke—that is the

**DURHAM - UPLEX**  
**RAZOR**

Complete Silver-plated sets consisting of Razor,  
stropping attachment and 6 double-edge hollow-  
ground blades of finest tempered steel, in handsome  
Leather-covered case, \$5.00. In Pigskin case, \$6.00.  
Gold-plated sets in Pigskin cases, \$7.50.

Outfits (Silver-plated) as above in Kits of Pigskin,  
shown at left, and in Red, Blue, Green, Purple or Black  
Morocco, \$5.00.

The "Hold-All," the most compact shaving outfit ever de-  
vised, consisting of Razor outfit, shaving stick, and collapsible  
rubber-set brush of finest badger, in Pigskin, and Red or  
Green Morocco cases, \$8.00. Extra blades, 6 for 50 cents.

Highly ornamental for the dressing table  
—most convenient for the traveling bag.

Illustrated Booklet on request

**DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.**  
111 Fifth Avenue  
New York

Free  
Trial Offer  
We will send complete  
outfit (except the Hold-All)  
to any address, upon receipt of price.  
If not entirely satisfactory return within  
30 days and we will refund your money.

## Puck Proofs

Photogravures from PUCK

Copyright 1910 by Keppler & Schwarzmann



"I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING MISTER?"

By Mark Fenderson.

Photogravure in Sepia, 8 x 11 in. PRICE 25 CENTS.

This is but one example of PUCK PROOFS.  
Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over 70  
Miniature Reproductions :: :: :: ::

Address PUCK

295-309 Lafayette St. New York

Trade Supplied by Guelman Publishing Co.,  
19-23 Mechanic Street, Newark, N.J.



VANDYKE BROWNE.—Peace, my dear lady, peace and refinement, those are the two essentials in an artist's surroundings. [Enter Master and Miss Browne. Tableau.]—Punch.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

**\$400,000.00**

## The Victor Typewriter Company

Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York.

¶ The capital stock of The Victor Typewriter Company has recently been increased from \$350,000 to \$750,000. The new issue is for the purpose of increasing the output of the plant.

¶ A portion of this common stock (par value \$100) is now offered to the public at \$125 per share.

¶ The factory has orders in hand for 7,500 machines. The Victor retails at \$100.

¶ Not more than \$150,000 worth of this new issue will be sold at the present time, and the right to reject any application, and to award a smaller amount than applied for, is reserved.

**G. W. CAMPBELL, 812 Greenwich Street, New York.**

### JUSTIFIED?

"Jane," said a lady rather sharply to her cook, "I must insist that you keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night you kept me from sleeping because of the uproarious laughter of one of your friends."

"Yis, mum, I know," was the apologetic reply, "but she couldn't help it. I was a-tellin' of her how you tried to make cake one day."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## I. W. HARPER

### KENTUCKY WHISKEY

Celebrated for its purity.  
Sought after for its perfect flavor.  
Trusted for its unchanging fine quality.

BERNHARD DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE.



# BROMO~SELTZER

CURES  
HEADACHES  
10¢, 25¢, 50¢, & \$1.00 Bottles.

A MODEL OF NEW YORK.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SENDS A REMARKABLE EXHIBIT TO BERLIN.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BERLIN, April 23.—One of the features of the great town building exhibition to be held in Berlin in the coming Summer will be a thirty-three-foot-long model of Greater New York, which will be shown by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It will include an underground cross-section showing the Pennsylvania's new terminal and tunnel schemes, as well as the intricate system of lines with which subterranean Gotham is now interlaced.

In one of the miniature tunnels, which is to be an exact reproduction of the original in all details except size, a train of cars consisting of three Pullmans pulled by an electric locomotive will make trips.

The Pennsylvania Company announces that its new terminal plant, which will be shown in miniature, represents a cost of \$90,000,000.—*N. Y. Times*.

## WHAT EVERY JOURNALIST KNOWS.

**NICE OLD LADY.**—Will you kindly tell me if the lady who writes "The Mother's Page" every week in your paper is in? I want to tell her how much I have enjoyed reading her articles on "The Evening Hour in the Nursery."

**OFFICE - BOY.**—That's him over there with the pink shirt smokin' a pipe.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

"WHEN I returned from my poker party last night my wife just looked at me; not a word was spoken."

"My wife looked at me too, and I don't believe a word was unspoken."—*Houston Post*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

## PUCK PROOFS

Photogravures from PUCK.

Copyright 1910 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



TIME, THREE A.M.—ASLEEP AT LAST.  
Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

By Angus Macdonall.  
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS.  
Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Seventy  
Miniature Reproductions. :: :: :: :: ::

Address PUCK

295-309 Lafayette St., New York

"SIR, I have no home," began the seedy-looking man, "and—"

"No taxes to pay, no rent, no coal bills, no worry over the rise in milk prices! Permit me to congratulate you."

"I have no job, and—"

"Lucky chap! No danger of being fired."

"But I am serious. I have no money, and—"

"No temptation to spend it foolishly on able-bodied beggars. Why, you're a veritable child of fortune. Good-day!"—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



## No one who smokes SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

At Your Dealer's.

SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.  
THE SURBRUG COMPANY  
81 Dey Street  
New York.

## Hunyadi János

Natural Laxative Water

Recommended  
by Physicians  
Refuse Substitutes  
Best remedy for

CONSTIPATION  
AT ALL DRUGGISTS



"THE sheriff levied on our scenery in the third act. Fortunately he had been an actor himself at one time."

"What happened?"

"We got away with our handbaggage while he was taking a curtain call."—*Courier-Journal*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

JANITOR.—Who was that whistlin' down de tube?

HELPER.—Woman on de third floor wants more steam.

JANITOR.—Hit de third pipe a couple o' times wit' de hammer.—*Exchange*.

## To Be Young at Sixty

DRINK  
**Evans' Ale**

Keeps body, brain and looks, youthful.

THE BEST SPRING FICTION  
ON SALE EVERYWHERE



## The Heart of Desire

By ELIZABETH DEJEANS  
Author of "The Winning Chance"

An intensely dramatic and appealing novel of mother love, with its scenes laid in Southern California. Bound to be widely read and discussed.

Three Colored Illustrations by The Kinneys.  
Decorated cloth.

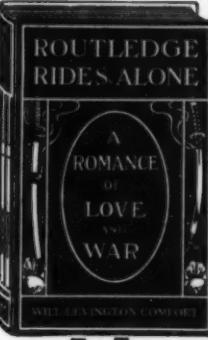


## Routledge Rides Alone

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

A big and forceful novel of love and war—real love and real war, too—with scenes laid in India, and Manchuria at the time of the Russo-Japanese War.

Colored Frontispiece by Martin Justice. Cloth, with Inlay in Colors.



## Raleigh A Striking Romance of Elizabeth's Court

By WM. DEVEREUX and STEPHEN LOVELL

Founded upon their play "Sir Walter Raleigh." With 8 Illustrations showing Scenes from the Play Decorated Cloth.



## Bella Donna Robert Hichens' Greatest Novel

In the most widely discussed book of the day

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO. PUBLISHERS PHILADELPHIA

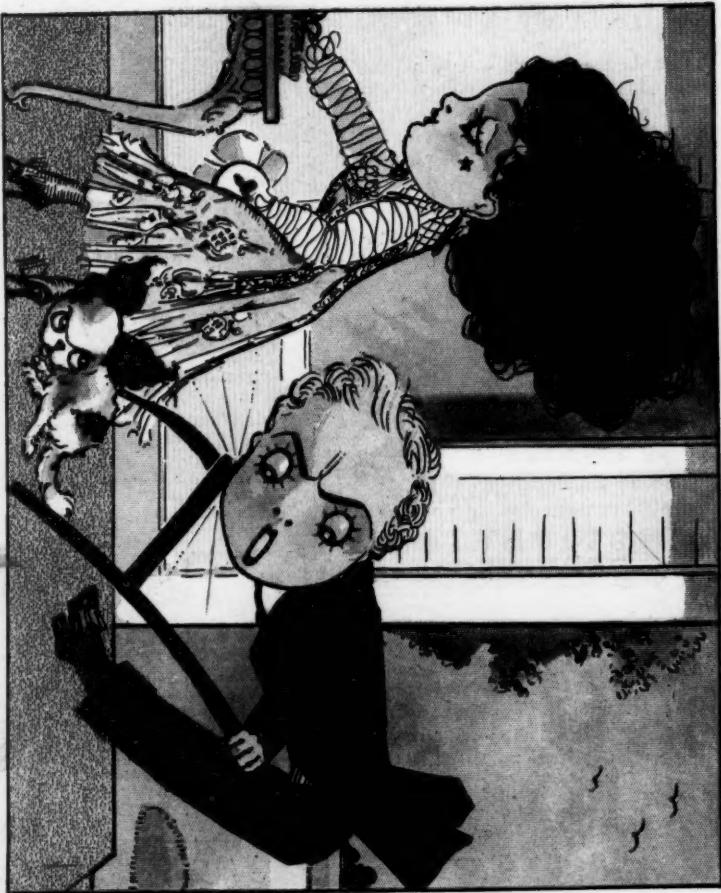
THE INNOCENT BYSITTER.



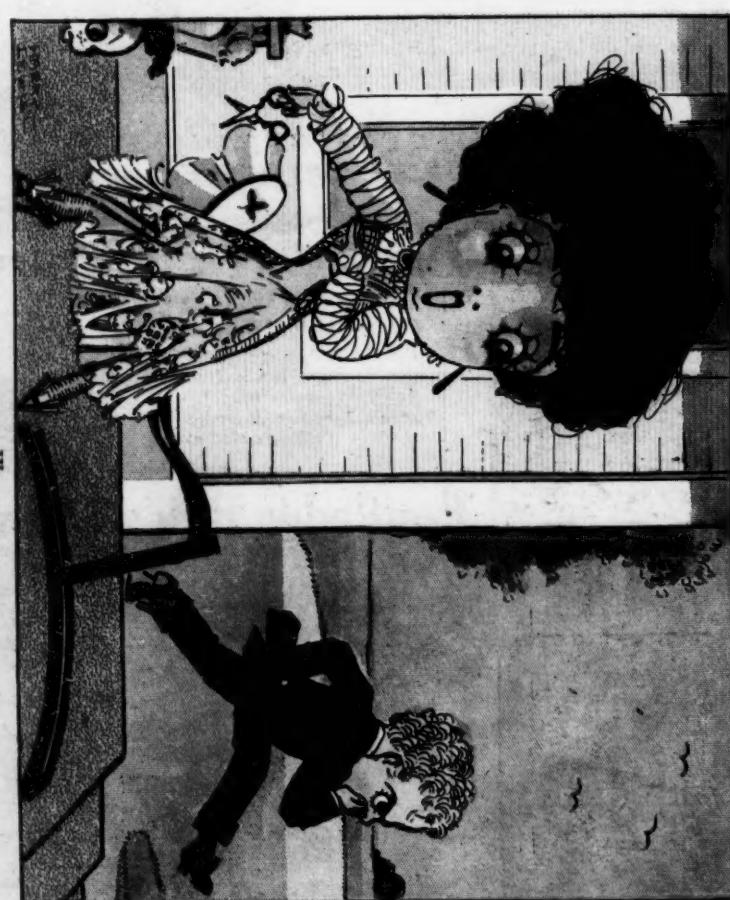
I.  
CHERRY CHAP AND BUSY MISS,



II.  
WHAT'S HE TRYING FOR—A KISS?



III.  
MAIDEN RISES FROM HER CHAIR —



IV.  
"GOODNESS GRACIOUS! WHO WAS THERE?"